Never Been Kissed

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Never Been Kissed

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Summary

“What are we piercing, then?” Hannibal asks, his voice rough and thick still with the after burn of the whiskey.

Notes

Day 7 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Childhood Friends

In which Will Graham has never done many things, and Hannibal shows up to change a few of them!

See the end of the work for more notes

If pressed, Will wouldn't really be able to say why he'd decided to come to this party. He simply *had.* With little else to fill his night and boredom creeping in from all sides, Bev talking up the opportunities her parentless house presented seemed intriguing enough.

Now, after having been roped into a circle of adolescents tipsy on Schnapps while everyone but him drank along to each new *Never Have I Ever* declaration, he has some regrets. He wishes he'd done *more,* wishes the burn in his cheeks was from too much of the overly sweet alcohol rather than embarrassment at his clear lack of experience.

It was obvious some of the responses were deliberately shaped to attack specific people - Freddie pointedly looking at where Jimmy, Brian, and Bev sat a *little* too close to one another to be platonic and deadpanning *Never Have I ever been in a threeway* - had been a little on the nose, Will thought. He doesn't feel bad about not being able to drink for that one, at least, since it isn't something typical to the average high school senior. Will feels envious of some more common ones - *gotten to third base, had sex in a car, made out with someone under the bleachers* - the things nearly everyone took a drink to.

He's never had the *opportunity* for third base, let alone been close enough with someone to have sex in a car. He's only ever had just one kiss, a hasty and ill-advised liplock with Alana Bloom which lasted all of five seconds before she had gently pulled away and informed him she had feelings for Margot Verger. Alana was kind enough to keep that humiliation between just the two of them, at least. He can only imagine what a field day Zeller would have with that embarrassing information, especially seeing as how the untouched level of beer in Will's cup hasn't escaped his attention.

"We need a new game!" Zeller complains loudly, talking right over Alana's next declaration. "Will hasn't taken a single drink yet! He's gonna stay sober all night at this rate. You're so *vanilla,* Graham. Don't you do *anything?* "

Will fights the urge to glare at the boy, mentally thanking Alana and Bev for doing so in his stead. He wants to point out he's already been cajoled into two shots of tequila before Zeller even showed up at the party and suggested this stupid game. Instead, he deliberately drains half his glass and gives a half-hearted shrug.

"Just not my game, I guess." He stands from the circle, ignoring Bev's protesting hands attempting to tug him back down. "Maybe I'll give it one more try before I go... *Never Have I Ever jerked off at school thinking about Mr. Whitman."* Zeller holds his icy gaze as the teens around them erupt into laughter. "That *was* what you were moaning, wasn't it? I'll admit the acoustics in the bathroom might have muddled your words some."

He gives Zeller a nod and excuses himself from the living room, stalking into the kitchen to dump the rest of his beer in the sink. He stands there for a moment, doing his best not to let Zeller's scornful accusation get under his skin. So *what* if he'd never gotten laid in a car or a blowjob under the bleachers? To him, those weren't exactly things to be proud of, anyway.

He turns his attention to the counter loaded with various bottles of liquor and snatches up a shot glass he's fairly certain is the same one he'd used earlier in the night, filling it with

whiskey before shooting it down. When Franklyn's incessant prattling in the other corner of the kitchen rattles into Will's awareness and grates over his already frayed patience, he pours a second.

"...have to admit, I *did* think you might be here. Not that that's the only reason I came! But I just remembered hearing Bev invite you…"

Will hisses his annoyance, grabs up the bottle of Jameson, and slips out the sliding glass door to sit alone on the patio in the dark. He's always happier alone, he reminds himself. His breath fogs in the cool air as it escapes his mouth in small puffs, the warmth of the late Spring days not yet carrying into the evenings. The cold makes the stars shine all the brighter, though, and Will is glad for the cloudless night as he takes a pull straight from the bottle.

"May I join you?"

Will stiffens as the warm, low voice falls over him. He waits a beat, so his reply won't sound too desperate or ecstatic, and then turns his head to gaze up at the boy who'd followed him outside, realizing all at once with a painful clarity that *he* was why Will had bothered to come out tonight at all. He must have arrived while Will was stuck in the sixth circle of Hell. Will wouldn't have been so blindsided if he'd bothered to glance at who Franklyn had been talking to.

"Sure," he croaks out, surprised by the whiskey-roughness of his throat, and Hannibal smiles and settles next to him.

Hannibal Lecter is everything Will Graham isn't. He's effortlessly cool, well-liked by their peers, and *older.* He's two years Will's senior, in his second year of college. He lived with Bev and her family for a few years after his parents died, friends of the family, and still shows up sometimes at family gatherings. Will wonders why he's in town, sitting in silence for slightly longer than is normal.

Liquor sloshes up the insides of the bottle as he offers it to Hannibal with a grimace. Hannibal inclines his head in acceptance and takes the bottle, following suit and drinking directly from the source. He doesn't make a face like the others do when they drink hard liquor, he simply swallows, and Will is enraptured by the movement of his throat as it works. His eyes dart slightly north to Hannibal's mouth as his tongue slips out briefly to catch the last, lingering dregs of whiskey on his lips, and Will wonders how much better the cheap liquor would taste on Hannibal's tongue.

"I know you feel out of place," Hannibal announces softly, jerking Will back into the moment. Hannibal is peering forward into the darkness, but Will has a feeling the older boy was well-aware of Will's lingering gaze long before he spoke. He passes the bottle back, and Will accepts it with numb and fumbling hands. "You're not like your classmates, are you? Always the quiet, introspective one. The serious one. It's difficult sometimes to fit in, when you always feel so *other,* isn't it?"

Will's breath catches as Hannibal's gaze slides to the side, burns into him as a soft smile quirks his lips, so often set in an expressionless line. He hugs the large bottle to his chest as though it were a shield, protecting him from the intense scrutiny of Hannibal's attention. "I

know how that feels. I also know it gets better. Easier. High school is a tough time; liminal, transitional. You'll see, when you get out of school, maybe even out of town. You'll see how easy it is to accept yourself when you stop worrying about the acceptance of others."

Will doesn't exactly know how to respond to that, this comforting wisdom bequeathed unto him from someone who *knows,* who's been there and survived it and gone on to become something better, something *complete.* So he takes another swig of whiskey, and another, before reluctantly passing the bottle back to his company.

"I'll probably never get out of this town," he admits glumly, plucking at a loose thread at the hem of his jeans. "That would require *doing* something. And we all know I'm neurotically incapable of *that.* Boring Will Graham: never been on a date or had a real kiss, never gotten a shitty tattoo or pierced something ill-advised. Never had the courage to do anything other than exist and wish he didn't."

He catches movement out of the corner of his eye and assumes it's Hannibal passing back the liquor, probably set to leave him his booze so he can wallow in misery alone. Because surely Will has finally convinced him he's not worth suffering the cold for, not when there are fun, exciting, *inviting* people inside to hang out with. He reaches over to accept the bottle and starts when instead his stiff and cold fingers are wrapped in the warmth of Hannibal's hand. He jerks his head to the side, startled by the unexpected action, and catches himself trapped once again in the sharp gaze of Hannibal's muddied amber eyes.

"'Boring' is the absolute last way I would describe you, Will. In fact, believe it or not, I'd go as far as to say you and I are just alike."

Will is speechless, his body swaying slightly under the weight of Hannibal's regard. Before he can say anything he's interrupted by the screeching sound of the sliding glass doors opening, and Bev stomping out onto the porch. "Will Graham." His name sounds like an admonishment coming from her, but she's also smirking as she looks between the two of them. "You can't hide forever. Get your ass in here. We're playing Truth or Dare and *I dare you* to do something wild."

Will rolls his eyes, but he catches the broad grin on Hannibal's face before it reforms into something slightly more stoic and on brand.

"What is it you said, Will? Never pierced something ill-advised?" The obvious mirth in Hannibal's eyes as he goads Will would be enough to convince him, even if Bev wasn't already grabbing his arm and dragging him back inside.

"Perfect, I have a piercing kit." She gestures to the row of earrings in her ear with her free hand, the other keeping a firm grip on Will's wrist as she pulls him past the living room where everyone else still sits in a circle passing around a bottle, and up the stairs. She deposits him in the bathroom, Hannibal a ghost on her heels, and then leaves them both to go to her room and collect her *kit.*

"What are we piercing, then?" Hannibal asks, his voice rough and thick still with the afterburn of the whiskey. It spills down Will's spine like ice water, and it takes everything within him not to shiver in its wake.

“Um, I have no idea. I’ve never pierced anything before,” He laughs nervously, rubbing his hand along his nape.

“Tongue, perhaps?” Hannibal suggests, eyes focused on Will’s mouth intensely enough that Will licks them without thinking.

Will considers the offered option, considers how Hannibal’s fingers would feel inside his mouth, grasping and pulling at his tongue to manipulate it to his liking before threading the needle through. He imagines his mouth brimming with blood and Hannibal there to wipe it away. His stomach gives a fierce clench at the image, something akin to arousal pooling low in his gut.

“My dad isn’t observant, but there’s no way I’d manage to get that past him.” Will shrugs himself out of the mental image, watching Hannibal’s smile grow wide again.

“Somewhere more inconspicuous then, hm? Though I must warn you, my confidence in my abilities aside, I’m not comfortable attempting a penile or scrotal piercing. Far too many ways it could end badly.”

Will chokes on his response, Bev rejoining them at the most imperfect time. “Do you always have to talk like that, H? Would it kill you to say dick?” Bev elbows him out of the way, spreading her piercing kit on the sink and grabbing alcohol and swabs from the cabinet. She thrusts a solo cup full of ice at him and steps away, gesturing at the tools. “Have at it, boys. I’ll be back to check on you in five. I just heard a crash from downstairs on the way back and I swear if Zeller broke another vase I’ll kill him.”

It’s deadly silent for several moments while they listen to her descend the stairs and then the soft *thump* of a body falling to the floor. “I’m, like, ninety percent sure she didn’t *actually* kill him, but maybe we should stay here to retain deniability.”

Hannibal moves closer, boxing Will in where he is leaning against the sink. Will’s breath catches in his throat and then Hannibal is pulling a piece of ice from the cup, pinched between two fingers.

“We have a piercing to complete, anyway. And I am well versed enough in sterilization that I can be fairly confident I won’t irreparably damage you, but not confident enough in my ability to save anyone on the receiving end of Beverly’s ire.”

When Hannibal pulls away his wrist brushes against Will’s nipple and he shivers, the sensation snapping through him like lightning. “My nipple!” He exclaims on a gasp, and then blushes furiously at his outburst.

Hannibal raises a brow at the energetic reply, his eyes dropping to where Will’s nipple has pebbled slightly in arousal beneath his thin t-shirt. “As good a spot as any,” Hannibal agrees with a nod. Will’s eyes fall on the cube of ice in Hannibal’s hand, deteriorating quickly and running watery rivulets down his hand and forearm, though Hannibal pays the sensation no mind. “You’ll need to remove your shirt,” Hannibal prompts, his voice brimming with friendly amusement.

Will snaps to attention and gives a jerky nod before tugging the article off, hoping that his swiftness appears as more perfunctory efficiency than overeager zealousness. He drops the shirt to the floor and awaits his next instruction, still staring at Hannibal's damp wrist to avoid the boy's sharp gaze.

"You'll very likely wish to be seated for this. The counter, I think. The toilet would be a touch low."

Will hoists himself up onto the counter, breath stalling in his chest as Hannibal steps forward with effortless ease, knocking his legs apart to step between his thighs until he's drawn as close to Will as he can get. Hannibal drops the piece of ice in his grasp into the sink in favor of plucking up a fresh piece.

"Right or left?"

"Dealer's choice," Will mumbles in response, head spinning from something entirely *other* than alcohol.

"Left, I think," Hannibal muses out loud, and the rest of his statement falls heavy and silent between them. *Close to your heart.*

Even knowing it's coming, Will can't stop his body from jerking at the sudden icy cold that envelopes his left nipple. Hannibal's free hand falls to his waist, gripping him with a gentle confidence that soothes Will's fraying nerves. He wonders for a moment how the night could have brought him here, how he ever could have let himself be strung along into this situation. When Hannibal moves his attention to sterilizing the tools on the counter next to them, Will steals a quick glance at the boy and suddenly the logic of this encounter is thrown into sharp relief.

Because he knows there's no way in Hell he'd be allowing this if Bev had offered her amateur services, and that fact has nothing to do with the fact that Hannibal is pre-med and knows more about health and anatomy. Because he would have agreed to *anything,* if it had been Hannibal to suggest it, just to keep the attention of someone so magnificent on him just a little longer. Someone who didn't think he was weird or boring. Someone who thought they were *just alike.*

He tenses and squeezes his eyes shut when Hannibal deems the piercing needle ready and turns his attention back to Will's chest, his grip along the edge of the vanity white-knuckled and breath stoppered in his lungs. But it's not the stinging intrusion of a needle he feels next; it's a warm, whisper-soft touch, ghosting soothingly across his cheek and jaw.

"Will. Will, look at me."

Will forces his eyes open, meeting Hannibal's own for a breath before falling to the needle held at the ready at his chest.

"At *me,* Will," Hannibal urges softly, and Will can't help but obey. His gaze is as intense as always, but warm with fondness and comfort. "Just keep looking at me," Hannibal instructs.

His thick voice is soothing and compelling, and Will can do nothing but nod and stare on. “Everything is going to be alright,” Hannibal promises. “Trust me?”

Will doesn’t hesitate to respond, though he finds he didn’t even realize how certain he was in his answer until he’s giving it, breathless and earnest in the thick, expectant tension between them.

“Yes.”

Will isn’t sure how Hannibal manages it, but he doesn’t break their eye contact as he lines up the needle and drives it through Will’s flesh, a bright spot of pain strong enough to pull a gasp from Will’s throat all he feels for several seconds before he’s able to breathe again, lungs aching with the pressure. *“Fuck.”*

Hannibal’s hands feel as though they are everywhere, suddenly, and Will shivers under the onslaught. Hannibal presses another cube of ice to Will’s chest, compelling him to hold it against his own flesh as Hannibal picks up another cotton swab and dampens it with alcohol.

“You performed admirably. Now let’s make sure you stay victorious.” A small smear of blood is all that appears on the cotton, and Will would honestly be impressed if he weren’t shaking a little with the adrenaline and endorphins.

He can feel the heat of Hannibal’s body radiating even through the layers of their clothes, feels that same draw to him he’s felt since they started talking on the porch - which seems like years ago rather than the half an hour it surely must be.

“Thanks,” Will murmurs, cheeks flushed from heat even while he shivers against the cold of the ice still pressed to his skin and the water running down his chest.

Hannibal doesn’t say anything for several seconds, the tension growing thicker between them as their knees brush together and their bodies seem to gravitate closer together. Hannibal’s free hand runs soothing passes up and down Will’s flank, spilling shivers through him for an altogether *other* reason.

“What was that you mentioned about having never been kissed?” Hannibal’s smirk is roguish and bright, and Will’s chest clenches with it.

Will laughs, the awkward tension effectively sliced through, but replaced with an ever growing *want* deep in his belly. “You promise this won’t *irreparably damage me?”* Will teases, swinging his legs and kicking his heels gently against the cabinets beneath the sink, a nervous gesture that does nothing to dispel the butterflies flapping in his stomach.

“Let’s find out. Together.” Hannibal holds out his hand and Will takes it without hesitation, stumbling into his arms with a bright laugh.

He will forever be grateful that Bev remains occupied by her other guests for quite some time before she thinks to check on the two of them again.

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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